Ethics Be Damned

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Ethics Be Damned

by peacefrog

Summary

> “I was choking you with my bare hands,” Will recalls, closing his eyes. “I could see the light draining out of your eyes, feel the snap of tendon and bone beneath my fingers.”
>
> “And how did that make you feel?”
>
> “Powerful.” Will says cooly. “I was hard when I woke up.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Sun spills in through the curtains, light like claws, spindly and gangled on the floor, reaching out for Will as he perches on Hannibal's desk. He never imagined it would be this easy, the shedding of his skin. The hard chrysalis of who he believed himself to be scattered like ashes at his feet.

Believing it is all just a game makes it easier, however far from the truth that may now be. The ruse and the reality, they have begun to blur in such a way that Will no longer knows whose side he's truly on.

"I had a dream about you last night," Will says, letting the words spill out without a second thought.

Hannibal rounds the desk, dropping the book he had been poring over, patiently waiting for Will to continue.

"I was choking you with my bare hands," Will recalls, closing his eyes. "I could see the light draining out of your eyes, feel the snap of tendon and bone beneath my fingers."

"And how did that make you feel?"

"Powerful." Will says cooly. "I was hard when I woke up."

"The thought of killing me aroused you?" The slightest hint of a smile plays at Hannibal's lips as he joins Will on the desk.

"Yes." Will considers for a moment reigning in his tongue, deciding instead he rather likes the way he's so easily relaxing into complete and unabashed honesty. "I jerked off thinking about it."

Hannibal is not unaffected by this, carefully wrought exterior cracking as he visibly shifts, hands fidgeting uncharacteristically.

"How does that make you feel, Dr. Lecter?"

"My feelings on the matter are not entirely ethical considering you are once again my patient."

"I think we're far past the neat little lines drawn by ethics, don't you?"

"Are you feeling powerful now, Will?" Hannibal asks, glancing down at his visible arousal.

Will throws his head back, eyes squeezed shut, long line of his neck exposed and vulnerable. He feels at once out of control of his own body and more at ease with himself than he has ever been.

"I'm feeling like…" Will licks his lips, eyes locking with Hannibal's own. "Like I could use some relief."

Hannibal's hand gropes at the front of Will's slacks without hesitance, stroking the obscene jut of his cock through the restrictive fabric.

"Ethics be damned." Will says as Hannibal continues palming at his erection, hips twitching involuntarily.

"Sexual release can be more therapeutic than most conventional psychiatric methods."

"For which one of us, Doctor?"

Hannibal's breath hitches as Will reaches down and works at his belt, popping the button on his trousers and unzipping his fly. Hannibal hungrily reaches inside, grasping at his cock and pulling at it until the head peaks out from behind the waistband of his boxers.

Will shoves pants and boxers down around his hips at once, just low enough to expose his cock to the cool air of Hannibal's office. Hannibal wastes no time getting to work, gripping him tight, stroking him slowly from root to tip, warming him from head to toe instantly.

"*Fuck*." Will wants to close his eyes, throw his head back, lose himself in the sensations coursing through his body but he can't seem to look away, mesmerized by the smooth slide of his cock through Hannibal's expert grasp.

He can't recall ever being this aroused, leaking profusely all over Hannibal's deft fingers, fucking up into his fist as he quickens his pace. Hannibal takes his bottom lip between his teeth, eyes darting from Will's cock sliding through his fingers up to Will's face, a slight blush mottling his cheeks.

Will would be lying if he said he was unaffected by Hannibal's appearance, normally so polished and unwavering, barely managing to hold himself together in this moment. Hair falling in his eyes, face glowing red hot, rolled sleeves exposing the lean muscles of his forearms, the buttons of his waistcoat pulled taut as he strains to get the perfect angle, intent on getting Will off.

Will is distantly aware he is babbling, broken curses and Hannibal's name falling from his lips again and again, rush of blood in his ears near deafening, white knuckling the edge of the desk as Hannibal drops to his knees.

Hannibal laps at his slit, pre-come collecting on his tongue, tight grip stroking him so perfectly it toes the line between pleasure and pain. Hannibal doesn't take him completely in his mouth, suckling at the tip, tracing the ridges with his tongue, moaning as Will leaks down onto his lips.

Will's vision blurs around the edges as he comes, a look that can only be described as euphoric plastered across Hannibal's face as he sticks out his tongue to catch every drop that he can, the rest splashing across his face, into his hair, dripping down the front of his tie.

Hannibal gathers as much as he can on his fingers, greedily taking it into his mouth and licking around his lips as if Will is the most delicious thing he has ever had the pleasure of

tasting. Will hauls him to his feet, undoing his fly without thinking, allowing his body to act on instinct.

“I wasn’t expecting reciprocity.” Hannibal’s voice is thick with arousal.

“Shut up.” Will growls, freeing his cock, stroking him with as much vigor as Hannibal showed him.

Hannibal is coming in seconds, a flood of slick warmth rushing over Will’s fingers, dripping down to his wrist, striping the front of his shirt. Still riding the high of his own release, curiosity gets the better of him as he takes two sticky fingers into his mouth.

The arousal in Hannibal’s eyes when Will does this is unlike anything he has ever seen, gripping the back of Will’s head and pulling him into a sloppy kiss, all teeth and guttural moans as the taste of the two of them mingle on their tongues.

“I believe our hour is up,” Hannibal breaks the kiss, breathing against his neck.

“Same time tomorrow then, Doctor?” Will smirks, tucking himself back into his pants.

“I’ll see you at 7:30 sharp.” Hannibal straightens his ruined tie, returning to sit behind his desk, seemingly content to spend the rest of his evening covered in Will all over.

End Notes

Original prompt here.

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